the bumps along the way

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/33024265.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	Gen, M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Adam (2009), Charlie Countryman (2013), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationships:	Nigel (Charlie Countryman)/Adam Raki, Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Adam Raki, Hannibal Lecter & Adam Raki, Abigail Hobbs & Adam Raki
Characters:	Adam Raki, Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Abigail Hobbs, Darko (Charlie Countryman), Gabi Ibanescu, Elizabeth Buchwald, Marty Buchwald, Rebecca Buchwald, Other Character Tags to Be Added
Additional Tags:	Will and Hannibal are Adam's Parents, Inspired by Juno (2007), Canon Autistic Character, Autism Spectrum, Parent Will Graham, Parent Hannibal Lecter, Good Parent Will Graham, Good Parent Hannibal Lecter, Teen Pregnancy, Alternate Universe - High School, Discussion of Abortion, Married Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Into The Hambleverse
Stats:	Published: 2021-08-04 Words: 1,134 Chapters: 1/?

the bumps along the way

by cannibalspectacle

Summary

Adam Graham-Lecter is sixteen. Adam Graham-Lecter is pregnant. The world keeps spinning and things keep growing.

Notes

Hello friends! This is something of an experiment. This story technically takes places in the same universe as žvaigždė, my hambleverse drabble collection, but this isn't "canon" to the main 'verse. I guess you could call it an AU of the basic AU? This is just a silly little story inspired by Juno, one of my favorite movies.

CW/TW: There are discussions of abortion in this chapter and probably the next.

Oh, and a quick note: I haven't quite decided if this story takes place in an omegaverse setting, some au where Adam is trans, or if this is simply a world where boys, or at least some boys, can also get pregnant. If I ever work that out, I'll let you know. But the fact that Adam is a pregnant teenager is a much bigger concern, in-universe, than the fact that Adam is a pregnant boy.

This is a story about growing up, and the bumps along the way.

It starts with a telescope, a picnic blanket, and a whisper in the dark.

“I’ve wanted this for a really long time.”

“I know.”

Adam Graham-Lecter trudges into the local gas station, an empty one-liter bottle that had once been full of root beer dangling from his hand, and grabs a pregnancy test from a shelf, shoving it across the counter without meeting the attendant’s eyes.

“I don’t think taking more than one will make the result change, kiddo,” quips the cashier, a greasy-haired college kid with acne scars whom Adam doesn’t know but is beginning to hate.

“Just ring it up, please,” Adam manages to plead, feeling the tips of his ears burn with shame, “I just drank my weight in root beer.”

Still chuckling to himself, the cashier handles the purchase and hands the test to Adam, letting out a loud guffaw when he snatches it and hurries towards the dingy little bathroom at the back of the store.

A few minutes later, Adam sits in that same bathroom, staring down in resigned horror at a plastic stick in his hands.

A little pink plus sign. So innocent, so cheerful. So very inconvenient for a sixteen year old.

“Unholy little cross,” Adam mumbles, dumping the test — the third he’d taken today — in the trash can.

“What’s the final answer, little buddy?” The cashier calls as he exits the bathroom, “Third time’s the charm?”

Nigel would probably flip him off as he walks out the door. Adam doesn’t, but he thinks about how it might feel to be the kind of person who goes around flipping off rude gas station cashiers.

He manages the walk home easily enough, but when he gets home, he can’t help the creeping urge to hide. Even though nobody but him knows anything, he can’t help the irrational paranoia that his parents will somehow *know* , that they’ll look at him and see the secret he’s hiding.

He doesn’t encounter either of his fathers on his rapid trip from the front door to his bedroom, and he’s absurdly glad for it. Making sure the door is closed behind him, he pulls his phone from his pocket and makes a call.

“Adam? What’s up?”

“I need your help, Abby.”

“Are you okay?” Abigail’s voice pitches upward with concern, and Adam realizes a moment too late that his greeting would probably alarm her.

“I… umm…” He gnaws on his lower lip. He hasn’t said the words yet, has barely even dared to think them. “I’m pregnant.”

“Oh my *god!”* Abigail’s answering yelp makes Adam wince. “Are you serious? Wait, don’t answer that. I forgot who I was talking to, you’re always serious. But… are you sure?”

“I’m sure,” Adam sighs, flopping backwards onto his bed and staring up at the glow-in-the-dark stars stuck to the ceiling. “I took three pregnancy tests, and they were all positive.”

The silence stretches on just long enough for Adam to wonder if the call had unexpectedly ended, but then there’s an incredulous, “How did you even generate enough pee for *three* pregnancy tests?”

“I drank a whole liter of root beer, okay? You’re being shockingly calm about this whole situation.”

“Oh my God,” Abigail breathes, “Oh, *shit* .”

“There it is. That’s kind of the reaction I was expecting.”

“Do Will and Hannibal know?”

Adam still doesn’t know the full story of how Abigail came to be part of their family -- He and his dad met his foster sister and his stepfather around the same time, when Adam was five, and his memories are hazy at best -- but he knows Abigail was very close to being an adult already when his fathers became her guardians. Still, it sometimes startles him to remember that she calls them by their given names.

“No, they don’t know.” Adam closes his eyes, imagining the disappointment on their faces, “I don’t want them to know.”

“So are you going to go to Havenbrooke or to Health Now? Because you need a note from your parents for Havenbrooke, but I can forge one for you if you want.”

“No, no, I think I’ll just go to Health Now. Y’know, cause they… take care of your health, now. But I need to run an idea by you”

The next morning, Adam was sitting on the front stoop of the Banyai family’s house. They had immigrated from Romania when Adam was twelve, and Nigel Banyai was Adam’s best friend. As well as the reason Adam was in the predicament he was in. Well, maybe not the *reason* . The other half. The partner in crime.

Nigel almost trips on him coming out the door.

“Fuck, Adam, what are you sitting there for? You almost made me drop my Hot Pocket!”

Adam looks up to find Nigel staring down at him. He’s wearing Adam’s favorite of all his shirts, a pale blue button-up with little orange and brown dachshunds printed all over it. “Good morning, Nigel.” He wracks his brain for something to talk about and adds, “Your wiener dogs are looking especially bright today.”

“Uhh, thanks?” Nigel sits down beside him. He’s warm, he always runs so warm, like a human-shaped space heater, and Adam suddenly flashes back to Nigel’s hands on him, that night in the park. How hot they felt in the cool air, like his handprints might be seared into Adam’s skin.

“I’m pregnant, Nigel.”

Nigel goes still beside him. “… Well, *fuck* .”

That’s what got us into this situation, Adam thinks but doesn’t say.

“What should we do?”

It’s comforting, somehow, to hear Nigel call them a *we* , in this. Like Nigel is on his side. The two of them against the world, like it always has been.

“Well, I… I figured I’d…. nip it in the bud before it gets any worse. Y’know, ‘cause they told us in health class how pregnancy, it… it can often lead to… an infant.”

“Uhh, yeah,” Nigel nods, “Yeah, typically, that’s what happens when our parents and teachers get pregnant.”

“So you’re alright with that, then? With me… getting rid of it?”

Nigel blinks slowly at him, startled. “Shit, dude, yeah. I mean, whatever you think is best. I’m not gonna tell you how to handle your own body. Do whatever you want.”

Adam nods, glad to have gotten Nigel’s opinion. It seemed the right thing to do, informing him, even if the situation would soon be taken care of.

“Okay.” Adam stands up and heads for his bike, leaning against the Banyais’ mailbox. “I’ll see you at school.”

“Sorry for accidentally knocking you up,” Nigel calls after him, “I know the whole sex thing wasn’t, like, your idea.”

Adam pauses and glances back over his shoulder, puzzled. “Whose idea was it?”

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!